The Times-Dispatch

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SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1913.

JOIN THE SCOUTS.

Everybody might well join the Boy Scouts, whose first big public demonstration in Richmond will be held in the City Auditorium to-night. The Boy Scouts stand for everything that the right thinking, honest American man and woman should stand for. They stand broadly for a better and stronger body, and for a more generous, loyal and kindly spirit of comradeship among all men. They aim to teach these ideals by practical interesting outdoor and indoor activities that have a touch of poetry and romance about them. The Boy Scouts are far from the traditional Sunday school sissy of the old moral story, and they are equally far from the rough member of a gang, loafing and imbibing vicious wisdom and inclinations.

Fathers and mothers and teachers of all sorts should see this exhibition of scout work. It will instruct them as to what their boys can learn by joining a patrol, and it will also give them hints as to what kind of training boys really need. There will be demonstrations of the scout law, life saving, first aid, wireless telegraphy, signaling by flags and otherwise, and many scout games and exercises. The field secretary of the American Boy Scouts—the movement is now widely international—will give a history and picture of the world movement. The Mayor will speak for Richmond, where already some sixteen troops have been organized.

We have heard but one criticism of this wonderful movement. It is said to stress the militaristic ideal too heavily. The boys are taught to dress like soldiers and to live like soldiers, and to believe in the military organization. The advocates of world peace declare that the new generation must be trained in loftier ideals and gentler paths. With this we agree. The boy should not be brought up in the doctrine of force, but the ideal of organization, co-operation and unselfish devotion to comrades is one of the fundamental beliefs of our present society. We need companies of men trained to act together. All we should demand is that they act for peace and beauty and progress in civilization instead of for violence, aggression and injustice. In short, while the scouts use the fine laws of war, yet work for peace, we think that the slight touch of brass buttons and camp terms is only a legitimate lure for the natural boy and does him no real harm.

The very words one hears in scout meetings are inspiring. They are never brutal. Manliness, courage, cleanliness of body and morals, to do one's duty toward God, and obey the scout law, which is later the man-law, to be of service, to learn citizenship and to get rid of bad impulses by active and interesting work—these are great ideals. If the nations ever learn them, war will vanish overnight. Meanwhile, your boy needs life and action with the right spirit in it. He should learn to love the woods and take care of himself. He ought to be able to cook, bind wounds, swim and keep his eyes open. Go to the auditorium to-night and see what this army is doing for other boys.

BARBAROUS BARBERS.

We hope that the New York barber strike will not spread. There is something terrifying even in the thought of a striking barber. Suppose he should not announce he was on a strike, and scalp a few innocent patrons to show the fact? Strikers with bricks and bombs are bad enough; with razors, they become appalling. The only consolation for uncut New York is that they are Italians. Imagine a strike of negro barbers with razors!

New York's peculiar psychology is well illustrated by the kind of strikes there. They are always in the decorative or pleasure trades. First, the waiters; then the taxicab drivers; now the barbers. Nowhere else in the world would they have such things. They must be a by-product of the White Way life and the easy money. The parasitical trades that thrive among spenders want a larger share. They try to hold up the hotels and shops. Generally they are beaten for the simple reason that people can always do without luxuries. They eat at home, ride in cars or walk, and stop shaving altogether, if necessary.

About hair-cutting it seems different. The easiest thing would be to let the hirsute crop continue cropping. The gay boulevardiers would return to the long love-locks of the Stuarts. They might wear plumes in their Panamas, and come to knee breeches in a time. After a while, though, their hair would get too long. They would have to plait it at night and have it marcelled by day. The expense for hair-dressers would be worse than paying what the barbers want. The hairpin' market would be swamped. The suffragettes would claim it was just plain injustice, another invasion of woman's sphere. No telling how many deaths would occur from automobiles running down unskillful men trying to get their wind-blown locks out of their eyes.

Meanwhile the hair would keep on growing. Women have theirs trained so it stops at a nice handy length, but men's has had no educational advantages. It would grow on and on and wrap their feet in its sinuous tangles. The street cars would be full of errant hair. Hair-breadth escapes would be so common as to be meaningless. It is, in fact, a hair-raising prospect.

The only other solution would be for wife to do a little futurist art on the head. New York's sky-line would be more jagged than ever. Divorce lies this way. Really, we started to make fun of the barber's strike. We stay to plead with them to reconsider. This is more serious than the advertisement for safety razors we thought it.

BRIDGES, DANGER AND DELAY.

Isn't Richmond a delightfully amusing place? The City Engineer says that the Ninth Street Bridge will not fall down or blow away just yet. That is good news for the thousands who have to cross this shaky structure daily. There is no immediate danger, though the engineer says that the continued strain of heavy traffic will sooner or later make it unsafe. Meanwhile we will wait to see when that occurs, and if it does not occur before we are ready, we will brace up the old structure and gamble again on its strength. That is a rather funny way of looking at the main artery of communication between the two parts of a big city, but—

When you remember that Richmond has extended the time for the completion of the Mayo Bridge about a year and a half, and is doing nothing now to have this relief ready on the date last promised, namely, on July 1, the comedy element becomes really rich. This new bridge should already have been in use a year. Instead we have to pay some $4,000 for propping up the old one. The plans for the new one, we believe, are being drawn, but even if the contractor was ready to start replacing the Ninth Street frame to-morrow, we would have to wait until the Mayo structure is done.

Under such conditions, you would think that there would be three gangs of hundreds of men rushing the new bridge through. The city would be driving like mad. Not at all; we have all the time there is. The work is being done in leisurely style, according to the convenience of the contractor. He can get further extensions, and make further excuses. He should not worry.

This situation combines the tragic with the ironical. It is almost historic. The town of lotus-lidded Williamsburg about which we have sometimes been merry, could not dream of doing so grotesque a thing. Yet the fun is not the main point. Suppose the old bridge collapses some day despite the City Engineer's watchful supervision. Suppose two street cars should pass each other in the middle of a span, as they have been warned not to do, and send scores of people hurtling to the river. There would be rage and grief then. There would be costly damage suits. We would have to hurry the new bridge at last. Public opinion would wake up. This is a possible catastrophe. How much longer will we wait ignorantly, lazily content to be put off and off?

What do we pay $25,000 to the Administrative Board for unless they protect the lives of our people?

FREE TRADE FOR RICHMOND'S GOVERNMENT.

The vice of the present national protective tariff is in operation in our city government, and should be destroyed. A tariff wall has been built up about Richmond which should be razed as thoroughly as that which shuts in the entire nation. If the principle is vicious in its application to the country at large, it is vicious in respect to any fraction of the nation.

The government of Richmond is so administered that a prohibitive tariff is imposed upon importations of supplies used in our public institutions and upon expert service for the furtherance of the welfare of the city. These commodities are not marketable here because of the provincial official policy pursued in our city administration. Why? Why should not the city buy supplies for its institutions outside of the city if it can get them cheaper there than they can be bought here? Why cannot the city employ expert service if it can get expert service outside Richmond which it cannot get inside Richmond? The cuttlefish ward politicians whose only political belief is that city government should be exploited for political ends whisper that "we must patronize home industry; we must protect home people." That explanation is precisely identical with that of the forces of Special Privilege, who have used the protective tariff for the tremendous gain of the few and the immense loss of the many. "Protect American industries" has been the clan cry under which competition has been stifled and government rendered an inefficient instrument for promoting the popular weal.

Is evidence needed that Richmond levies a prohibitive protective tariff upon the supply of material for institutions and of expert service for the more efficient administration of the municipality? Wednesday night City Sergeant John L. Satterfield, in the course of his campaign for re-election, told his assembled supporters that he took exception to rumors which he said have been circulated to the effect that he bought many of the jail supplies outside of Richmond. The charge he declared groundless. He said: "Practically everything needed for the City Jail is bought right here in Richmond. The largest single item is soap powder, which we buy in ten-barrel lots. I believe this item alone is bought from an out-of-State firm, but through a Richmond agent, who gets his profit." His opponent, Wilbur J. Griggs, is committed to a like policy.

If the officials in charge of public institutions in Richmond can purchase elsewhere supplies of the desired quality cheaper than they can be bought in Richmond, then they ought to be bought elsewhere. Public institutions ought to be operated at the least possible cost to the people. In such a case, the government owes no paternal duty to home industries. None more than The Times-Dispatch believes in the slogan, "Buy it in Richmond," but where institutions can be conducted upon a more economical basis if all or a part of their supplies are bought outside the city, an exception must be taken. Government exists for the protection of the life, liberty and property of the people, and not for the paternalistic protection of industries. Where a city can buy a given article as cheaply at home as abroad, it is justified in purchasing the domestic article, but in no other case.

Is evidence needed that Richmond levies a prohibitive protective tariff upon the importation of expert service to be employed for the more efficient administration of the city government? It was also on Wednesday that the Business Men's Club discussed the Virginia statute which requires that no person shall become a municipal officer until he has been a resident of the State for twelve months. Ashton Starke very aptly said by way of criticism: "A city government that will not allow a trained man of science to serve it until he has been a citizen for a year would be a discredit to a Hottentot village." Unless experts live here they cannot be employed by the city. There's your tariff wall erected at ever-increasing cost to the people. For towns but a month's residence is required; for cities a year is demanded. Why?

The two local tariff walls—one erected by law and the other by the narrowness of certain elements—should be battered down by public opinion. They were established by designing politicians, who would maintain the city government as a close corporation, operated for Special Privilege in the form of inefficient public service.

WHAT THE VIRGINIA POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE MUST DO.

The Spartanburg Herald, a Virginia newspaper published in South Carolina, declares that what The Times-Dispatch has had to say concerning the need of greater agricultural development in Virginia through scientific methods is true of South Carolina. Doubtless, but what the Herald has to say about Clemson, the State Agricultural College of South Carolina, is true of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute. "Though we have here in Clemson College a splendid State institution that has never been hampered financially, it is nevertheless a fact that that institution's influence has not reached the people and carried to them the lessons and the encouragement its founders and its officers have desired. Somehow it has not gotten hold of the agricultural situation. It has not carried the information it has to the man on the farm, in the dairy or back of the orchard."

"Somehow it has not gotten hold of the agricultural situation." That's what's the matter with V. P. I. That is the best diagnosis of the condition at Blacksburg. It is quite true that the financial resources of Clemson are much larger and more stable than those of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, but their cases are on all fours. The Herald thinks that the trouble at the South Carolina institution may be that the farmers have not learned how, when and where to get the information they desire for utilization in the working out of their individual problems. They have not been taught to look to the State agricultural college for the things it can supply.

There must be close connection and efficient co-operation between the farmers and the institution. The gospel of progressive farming must be preached more widely and more inspiringly by agricultural evangelists from Blacksburg. Inform the people as to what they can get hold of at V. P. I., and they will take hold of the situation. Samuel Chiles Mitchell astonished the people of South Carolina when he told them that they had a ready servant in their State university and he was not satisfied until he had gone throughout the State urging the people to get into contact with their university. They did. What Mitchell did for South Carolina some one must do for V. P. I., and do it now.

Queen Mary is evidently softening. She appeared at the dinner given by the Earl and Countess of Granard in a fashionable gown, and when the cigarettes were passed, although she refused to take one, she explained that she had no wish to prevent others from enjoying them if they cared to do so.

President Wilson is said to love animals, but it would be hard to make the Tammany tiger believe it.

The common garden variety of official postal card in the United States is to be printed in pale green to conform to the idea of the International Postal Union. The cards of low denomination in foreign countries are printed in green. While the government is at it, why not put a little more art in the post-card designs? Their present ugliness does much to explain the souvenir card mania. Even the most terrible cards of Cubist design are better than the Uncle Sam specimens. We suggest as a compromise that all post-cards be printed with invisible ink on invisible paper.

Mother Goose had a real hunch when she wrote that immortal jingle about the beggars hitting the town in rags and tags. Only now, they are glad rags and adorn smiles that sell the tags.

Now is the time the schoolmaster himself has to say "Please."

The nurses seem to steal a march on the other sweet girl grads. Some of them will have married a case by June-bride time.

Land, rent, taxes—these are the studies in the new Richmond public school for citizens.

On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

Mr. Binks and His Automobile.

A gentleman came and sold Mr. Binks an automobile when Mr. Binks was thinking of something else. Nevertheless, Mr. Binks was proud of his automobile, and he enjoyed it to the limit until it became noised about that he had bought it. The next morning, after the fact had been published in the paper, a suave gentleman called at Mr. Binks's office and, presenting his card, said:

"I am an agent for automobile accessories. What I want to interest you in is a new horn. It makes a noise like a pig under a fence, and is something brand-new. It cannot fail to attract the attention of the pedestrian and the corner policeman. It can be heard eight miles. I will put this horn on your machine complete for $46. Where is the machine, please, and when shall I put it on?"

"The machine," said Mr. Binks, "is in the garage. You can put the horn on this morning. It has three horns on it now, but I don't want any automobilist to make any noise that I can't make. Here is your check."

Five minutes later another suave gentleman called. "I am selling a neat little silk flag to stand upright on the fore part of the automobile, and I know you will want one on your new car."

"Enough said," replied Mr. Binks. "Put the flag on the car and send me the bill."

The third man came close in the walk of the second. "I am selling a little device," said he, "to signal the corner policeman and other automobilists. It is a wooden arm which gives the proper signals and operates from wire emanating from a series of pedals under the feet of the driver. The wooden arm has a perfect hand on the end and the hand is gloved. The driver is not obliged to use his own arm at all in giving the street corner signals. The cost is——"

"Never mind the cost," said Mr. Binks. "Put the wooden arm on my car. If you also have a wooden head for the driver you may put that on. Good morning."

"I am selling a new automobile whistle," announced the fourth caller. "It attaches to the exhaust and plays a tune known as 'Oh, You Beautiful Doll.' It is louder than a circus calliope, but more soothing to the ear. It can be heard fourteen miles, yet is quiet and restful."

"Put it on the car," said Mr. Binks. "I want to be the first man in this town to have one."

"I have here a little hat-lifting device," said the fifth caller. "It attaches to the roof of the car, and by simply pressin' a button with your foot the driver can lift his hat to a lady and not take his hands off the operating department of the car. It takes up very little space, and is a very attractive accessory."

"Put it on my car," said Mr. Binks.

Up until noon the first day gentlemen called and sold Mr. Binks the following:

Patent cigar lighter to attach to the dash.

Curling iron, electrically operated.

Fireless cooker to attach to the back of the car like a trunk.

Cellarette to go under the back seat.

Patent electric sign with Mr. Binks's name.

Hand washstand to attach to the back of the front seat.

Soap dishes, medicine chest and toilet set.

Mr. Binks went home to lunch, and hasn't been at his office since. He is thinking of moving to California, if the accessories have left enough room in his car to get his family into it.

The Signs of the Times.

Methodist ministers are talking about a minimum salary for pastors. Most of the pastors get a minimum salary now.

A politician in Tennessee without a gun is no politician at all.

Winter and spring feel so much alike nowadays that it takes a smart feller to tell 'em apart.

The trouble with this new-fangled spelling is that it is harder to spell than the old-fashioned kind.

Voice of the People

A Tribute to John S. Wise.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—A spring of acacia for John S. Wise. To-day, the 15th of May, commemorates the forty-ninth anniversary of "the only schoolboy battle in all history's record," as it is sometimes tenderly called—I mean that of the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington in their brilliant co-engagement with General John C. Breckinridge's Division arrayed against the serried cohorts and amazing majorities of General Franz Siegel at New Market, Shenandoah County, Va. Cadet John Sergeant Wise, who was laid to rest to-day, was one of the boys in that battle. We, his colleagues, will never forget him as a brilliant, dashing cadet of the Virginia Military Institute and later as a student at the University of Virginia, winning laurel wreaths at both of these great schools. How well we remember his eloquence as well as his withering sarcasm on the hustings either as lawyer or orator. He formed a partnership in law upon graduating at the university in Richmond as the junior partner of his distinguished father, Hon. Henry A. Wise. I have followed his fiery field of political warfare as fully set forth in the graphic account of him in your notice of his demise.

Briefly and as meaningly as I can and must and as tenderly I will place this little sprig of acacia at the altar of his ashes now at rest under the shade of the trees and by the river he loved so well in beautiful Hollywood, where may he rest from "life's fitful fever," for his life was one of feverish activity. Note his first act that brought him into publicity at the tender age of twelve. His father, the Governor of Virginia, called out troops to go immediately to Harper's Ferry when that most notorious John—or better known as Ossawattomie—Brown, of Kansas, an abolition anarchist descended like a wolf on the fold one night upon the arsenal at Harper's Ferry and captured it and reinforced himself there with his incendiaries. His surrender and capture were undertaken by the Governor's sundry Virginia troops forthwith, and with these troops went Governor Wise. His son, John, a restless lad, insisted on going, too. His father as insistently forbade him not to. What did John do but secret himself on the train that carried his father and staff. Whilst en route and far out of corporate limits he did, as he always did, make it very evident that he was there also. So ever with him it was "Veni, vidi, vici." In 1862 he entered as a cadet the Virginia Military Institute, and soon became one of our most brilliant declaimers and essayists. After the victory at New Market, on May 15, 1864, the institute was burned by General Hunter, lex talionis, for the victorious bravery of those school boys at New Market, at which battle Wise was wounded, and which battle his eloquent and facile pen has so lovingly and truthfully illuminated.

After Geenral Hunter's ruthless incendiarism left that proud, historic barracks in "one red burial blont," the corps of homeless cadets were ordered to Richmond, and occupied that fine building opposite the cemetery, now known as the City Home for the indigent. Cadet Wise's ever restless spirit soon found those walls far too "cabined, crippled and confined," whereupon he joined the Confederate Army as a mere boy, and so fought to the end at Appomattox. After the war had thus ended in April, the young subject of this memoir entered the University of Virginia in September, attained his degree as bachelor of law, and also won that proud guerdon, the debater's medal, from the Washington Literary Society. How I would love to tell of some of his orations and speeches of true repartee and of his prowling pranks, as well as his duellos on field and in drawing-room. Then, too, of his brilliant marriage with Miss Eva Douglass, of Tennessee. Then the many episodes of hunting, fishing and swimming, and especially some of our escapades of all sorts, always made rare and racy with his natural repertoire of "funny stories" and inimitable manner in telling them. Then again of his fierce, fiery, political warfare, especially with "Parson" Massey. Well, he left Richmond and made New York his future arena for forensic warfare, which he so wonderfully accomplished, and easily became the leading expert counselor in electric railway litigation, reaping a harvest of big fees. And I would especially love to tell of his devoted home life, of his children's success in life, but will only mention that his son, Colonel Jennings C. Wise, is now the accomplished commandant of the cadet battalion of the institute that his father loved so well, which so mourns him to-day.

One more reminiscence. I will relate of the last time I saw him, about ten years ago, at the Jefferson Hotel. We were sitting in two of those luxurious "sleepy hollows" that so abound in its halls and corridors. Wise had just arrived from Petersburg from the unveiling of some great memorial there, so he was telling me all about it, and was unconscious of the large number of strolling guests as well as local alumni who continually congregate there in the evening. Wise was radiant in stories over his grandchildren, hunts, dogs, and, of course, the Eastern Shore of Virginia, the county of Accomac, the earliest American abode of the Wises. Suddenly he found that time was up for taking the train for New York. Whereupon, after our last good-by was said, a very distinguished-looking gentleman said to me courteously, "Pardon, may I ask who that wonderfully brilliant gentleman was?" On giving the desired information, he said, "Well, I am a New Yorker, and we are always glad to get your Virginians like Captain Wise, Roger Pryor Burton Harrison, et als." So what I have called metaphorically my spring of acacia I lay tenderly and lovingly with the rare, rich rose leafs entwined with the laurel that so properly adorn his grave and memory.

CHARLES MACON WESSON.
Fine Creek Mills.

FLIES!

Horse manure is the principal hatching place for flies.

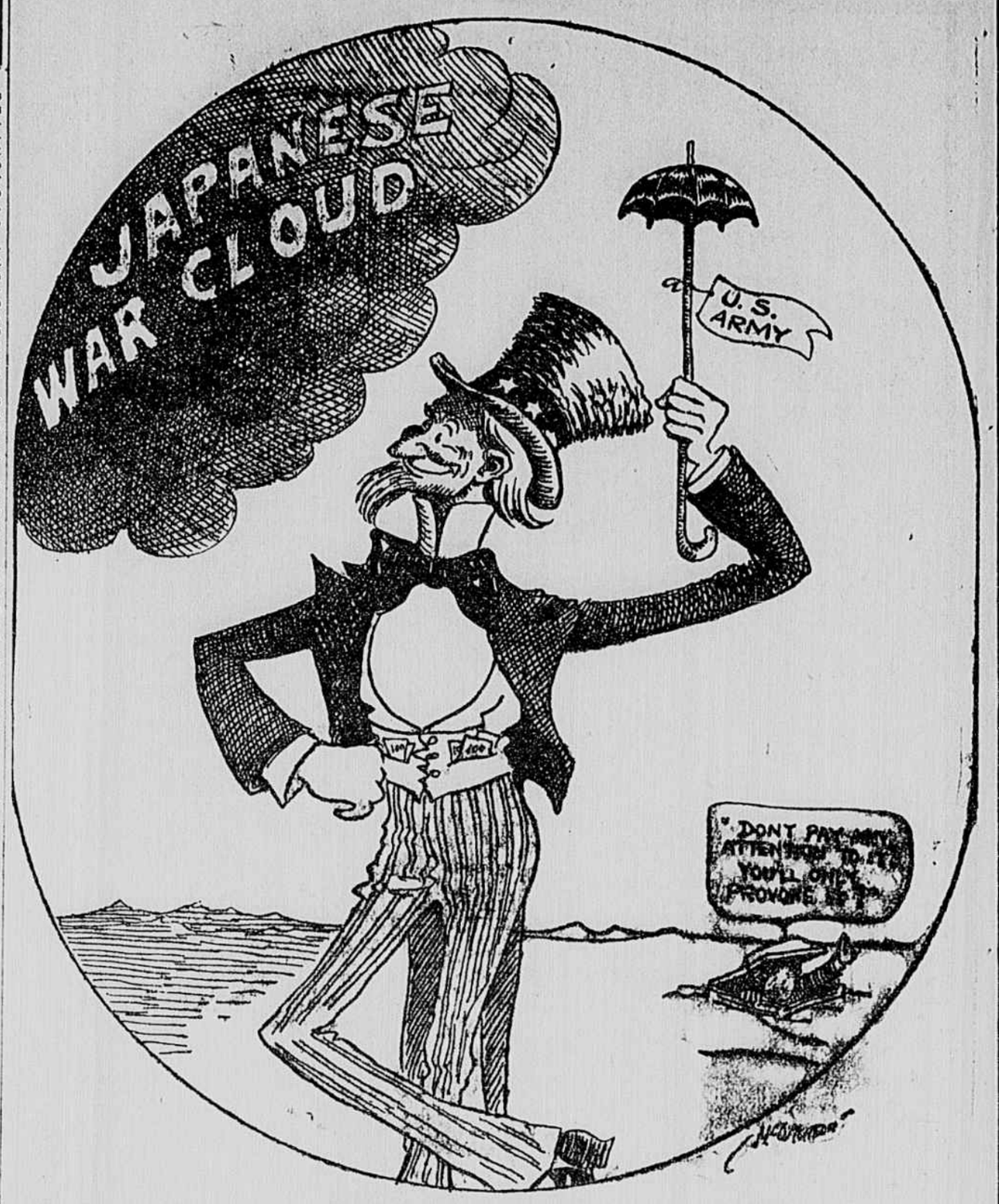
It can be made sterile with coal oil, carbolic acid, copperas water or dry loam by mixing thoroughly.

Horsemen, stablemen, owners of horses and sanitary inspectors, pay attention! Cut this out.

Let 1913 be a flyless year.

Abe Martin

Ther's no place like home—unless th' sewin' woman is there. What's t' become o' th' ole time feller that couldn' name th' Vice-President?



(Copyright: 1913: By John T. McCutcheon.)

JOHN S. WISE

An Exile Who Was Still a Son.

A citizen of two great States, in both of which he had made himself a notable figure, the late John S. Wise was associated with many events of the stirring political period which followed the Civil War, and in later years with professional and literary activities of no mean order. His talents, his aggressive energy and his force of character were such as to bring him to the front wherever he might be, and success and prominence waited for him in New York and gave him the worldly place that belonged to him. But once a Virginian, always a Virginian, and John S. Wise could not change his heart by changing his residence. He remained, in substantial characteristics and inbred traits, a son of the Old Dominion until the end, and whether he admitted it or not, the greatest regret of his life was probably the local conditions which caused his act of self-expatriation, and which for years made him virtually an exile from the State to which his soul always maintained its allegiance. Calais, said the English Queen, would be found written on her heart. Virginia was written on that of John S. Wise, in spite of the fact that he voluntarily shook off the dust of her soil from his shoes. We believe he would rather have received a word of praise from her lips while living, and a benediction from her in death, than the highest honors that any other State could have paid him. And though this word was not spoken during his life, and many elderly Virginians still remember his political defection and have forgotten his many admirable personal qualities, there seems no reason to a dispassionate observer why the proud old State should not lay a laurel wreath on his grave.

There were bitter times in Virginia after the war, times that tried men's souls more than the war itself, and they set brother against brother and friend against friend. Yet, though John S. Wise went wrong in the Readjuster movement, he, like Mahone, whom he followed, had been true to his State in the hour of need. And he came of a family which had rendered her great service and which had never faltered when she called. Wise was as bitter as the times, and brilliant and audacious, he fought the members of his own political household with all the weapons in his armory, returning invective for invective and reviling for reviling. And that was in a State and at a period in which men in public and private were held accountable at the pistol's point for unparliamentary language, and in which the suspicion of personal cowardice put an indelible stain on the reputation. This then young Virginian came of a fighting strain, and he fought, and he fought so hard and so fiercely that in the end he felt that he had alienated his people, and that the atmosphere was too hostile to be breathed any longer with comfort; or, at least, that he had burned his bridges behind him and that there was no longer any chance of preferment for him in his native State. But though he flew the track in the white heat of political passion and was unreconstructed politically to the last, he was not a Benedict Arnold, nor a traitor in any sense of the word, as many of his implacable brother Virginians were inclined to think him at the time. He did what some other Southerners have done—joined hands with the Republicans—without the punishment that was meted out to him. And if he did it more aggressively than others, it was because he came of a leonine stock and was born with claws and teeth.

Two years ago he moved back to Virginia and was on his way there when attacked by his last illness. So that the exile was a Virginian in fact, as well as in spirit, when the end came.

His death takes the reminiscent Virginian back to great days and to a host of noble names, of which that of his father, Henry A. Wise, Governor, diplomat, soldier, was not the least resplendent. With such a lineage and the inheritor of inspiring family and State traditions, it was as impossible for him to wean himself away from his inborn instincts as to change the blood in his veins. Who but a Virginia sportsman could have written such a book as "Diomed," racy of the soil, with its characteristic pictures of Virginian habits of life and Virginian standards and ideals?

There is a peculiar pathos about the life of this Virginia exile who went home at last to spend his final days. A bold, brilliant, strong son of the Mother of States, she may well give him a place of honor among those who sucked in their courage and uncompromising spirit from her breast.—Baltimore Sun.

A Great Favorite of V. M. I. Men.

Mr. Wise was a man of brilliant intellect, of unusual force and a political debater of great ability. He never lost his love for Virginia, however, and was particularly devoted to the V. M. I., where he was a cadet when the war broke out, serving in the cadet ranks at New Market. He was a great favorite with all V. M. I. men. His last appearance here was in a joint debate some years ago with Congressman William A. Jones. He became a Republican after the death of the Virginia Readjuster party and remained of that political faith up to the time of his death. As a lawyer he stood at the forefront of the bar.—Fredericksburg Star.

The Pleasures of War

I grieve to hear what torments you endured,
But we will be revenged sufficiently,
Now it is suppertime in Orleans.

All the vestiary and victualing military organizations in the United States, along with one or two in England, are to be invited to the celebration of the 275th anniversary of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston. The guests will include the Richmond Blues, the Amoskeag Veterans, the Providence Train of Artillery, the Old Guard of New York, etc.

David Starr Jordan and Andrew Carnegie ought to drop in on this assemblage of noble habiliments and capacities, heroic appetites and enormous tonnage, notable paunches, belted and bombous, bolstered with brawn, beef and stout home brewed.

They might change their notion of war.—Chicago Tribune.